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I SCREAM



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Chapter 1 by Rix Quill

Every day I visit Pierre's Cafe and eat ice cream. Pierre's is the best place in town for ice cream. It's deliciously creamy and is served with a glassy caramel-flavored sheet, strawberry sauce and a round wafer. On the wafer are words. Pierre sends me messages on his wafers; State secrets that I pass on to my boss in Washington.

One time, I sat down outside the cafe as usual. "Bonjour Pierre. I'll have ... er, ice cream today," I said to Pierre when he came for my order."

"Are you sure you don't want the crepe?" he asked.

"But I always have ice cream. The same every day - including Christmas days, birthdays and holidays. You know that, Pierre," I said.

Pierre shifted from one foot to the other and unnerved me by his inconsistent suggested change in routine (without authorisation using form CIO667).

"But Sir, you can get lots more words on a crepe than you can on a wafer," he continued.

"Keep your crazy crepes, Pierre!" See more of Story Wars (ice cream!)

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